

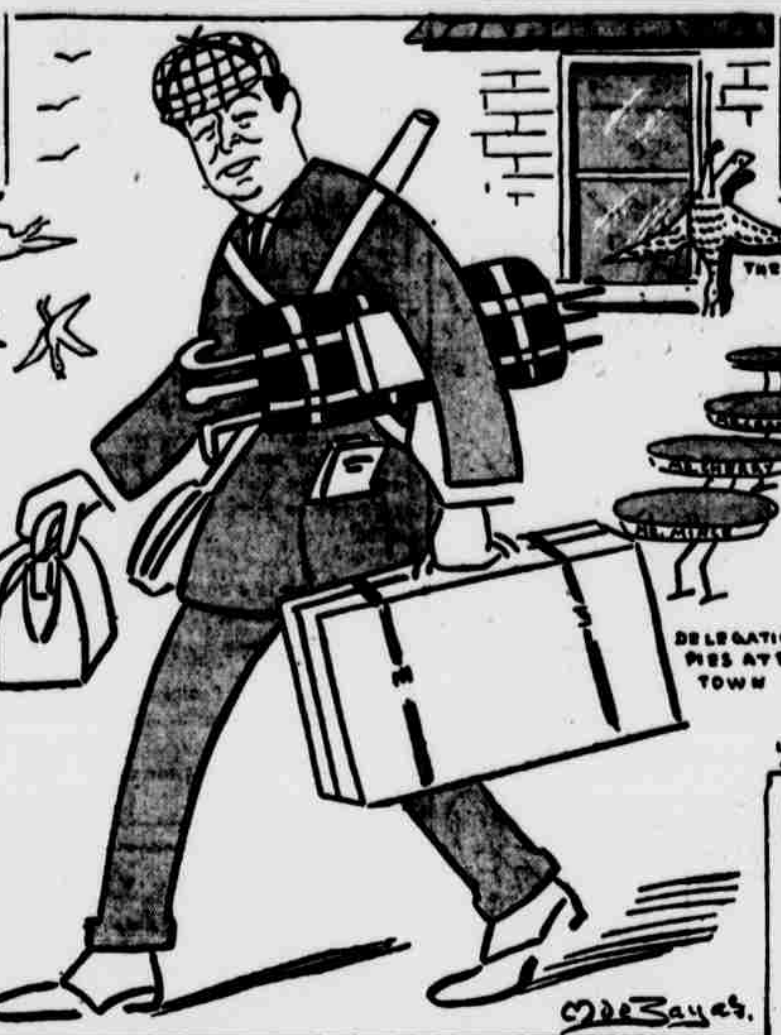
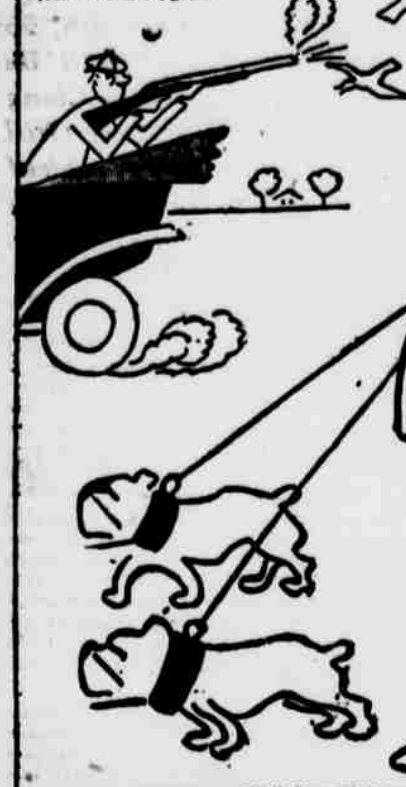


THE EVENING WORLD, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1919.

Here's a DeWolt Hopper Travelogue Ranging From Prairie Chickens to Pie

It Touches Saskatoon, Regina and All Points West, Including Neu-Ulm, That Has That Famous Statue.

SHOOTING PRAIRIE CHICKENS FROM AUTOMOBILE



Never Heard of That Statue? Neither Did DeWolt, and That's Why He and the Hotel Man Parted in Silence.



BY CHARLES DARTON.
THE DeWolt Hopper travelogue began with the suddenness of one of his curtain speeches and ran on uninterrupted, thus:
"Speaking for my sight-seeing associates and myself, I feel (feel it in my bones, to speak the painful truth) that it has not taken any policeman to keep me moving during the extremely fleeting time we have been together as the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company. Do you follow me? Let us proceed, then, without delay. At the present time I have been with our great and unparalleled organization (note that I speak with becoming modesty both for my associates and myself) for exactly two fiscal years. I say fiscal because the pursuit of art has not been without a certain financial interest.
"As I have said in my justly celebrated curtain speech, which you probably couldn't help hearing, maintain that the gentleman who arranged our route is a direct descendant of Columbus. His genius for discovering towns not on the map should be an inspiration to explorers. One of the towns he discovered is Neu-Ulm. To pronounce it properly you should have a glass of beer and a melancholy disposition. Neu-Ulm was booked to break the jump from St. Paul to Lincoln, Neb. Speaking from experience, I am convinced it

could be trusted to break anything from a bronco to a ten-dollar bill. A man who said he was a loyal American had married the German lady who owned the hotel apparently for the joy of running the bar of that establishment. It is not too much to say that he hailed me as a brother. He was so devoted to me that we became inseparable. When I asked 'Where is the theatre?' he answered, 'I'll take you there.' On the way to that two-story temple of art we passed a statue. When I inquired to whom that magnificent monument had been erected he replied it was in memory of the patriots who had fought against the Indians to save the town.
"What happened when they fought with the Indians to save the dear little town?" I inquired.
"The Indians wiped out the town," he answered.
"Then why didn't you erect the statue to the Indians?" I asked. Without a word he left me.
"To enhance the educational value of my remarks nothing can stop me from saying that the growth of the Northwest has been wonderful. Let us take, for example, the town of Regina. Where the population was mainly bovine and porcine two years ago there is now a community of such culture as to warrant a three days' visit of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company. I am

compelled to state, however, that Regina has not yet attained complete perfection. This criticism is directed toward the hotel. The gentleman who conducts this hotel is the tallest and thinnest man in the world. We started to measure him, but the tape gave out. Incidentally, he is a prohibitionist. Not only does he deny his patrons stimulating beverages, but he turns the water off at 1 A. M. Even now I sometimes leap from my bed at 1:15 calling wildly for a drink.
"We also experienced a town called Saskatoon. In passing, I may add that we called it several other things. At first we thought Saskatoon was the name of a new fur. All the people there ride in automobiles. They even go out in them to shoot prairie chickens. I went out one morning and shot one chicken and two tires. The naive chickens are so used to steam farming machinery that they don't even try to get away. But if a man gets out of an automobile they grow frightfully nervous. I put my chicken in the refrigerator by the simple means of letting it hang out the window. When it got sixty degrees below zero in Saskatoon they think spring is coming. While we were there I couldn't help thinking of Digby Bell, who wears Yeager underwear in midsummer.
"An amusing little thing happened at

another frost-bitten metropolis that we honored with our presence. An enterprising citizen came to me at the hotel and asked for a pass to the show. I explained that I was merely a poor actor and that if he desired the usual courtesies he would have to get them from one of the owners, Mr. Gilbert or Mr. Sullivan. I learned afterward that he went to the clerk and wanted to know the numbers of the rooms occupied by Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan. "And now let me hasten on to the subject of food. If you have ever been on the road you know what an important thing food is. It is important anyhow, but its importance increases as the certainty of supply and quality diminishes. Some time ago a certain stomach specialist had a great run of business from the Lamb's Club. First one who said he had stomach trouble went to him and then others followed, not like sheep, but, quite properly, like lambs. Although I was in my usual good health, I finally sneaked off to the doctor's and joined in the general organ rectal. He assured me there was nothing the matter with me, but advised me to avoid pie.
"Kindly bear with me a moment longer. If this story didn't have a point I would not give it to a waiting world. On the trip to San Francisco I fell violently in love with cherry pie. My insatiable greed until it embroiled me in every description. This excited comment on the part of my fellow travelers, and as we went on my devotion to pie became, as it were, a household word, with the result that pies began to pour in upon me. At every town we visited I found a delegation of girls awaiting me. In defense of all those pies I feel it is only fair to say they did not hurt my digestion a day bit. But they did affect my figure. That I may remain young and beautiful, let me say in conclusion I HAVE SWORN OFF ON PIE."

Why I Have No Use for America---Not by Frank J. Gould

What Is the Use of Living in a Country Where One Cannot Raise Perfect Artichokes? If You Don't Have to Earn Your Money, Don't Live Here.
REMARKABLY I am transferring my home to France permanently because I just date on raising artichokes and this benighted country has no soil obliging and educated enough to grow them in the perfection which they attain in France. Of course the broad minded and intelligent among those who will read this interview will understand how important this is. What is the use of living in a country where one cannot raise perfect artichokes? But there are other reasons. There is no longer an opportunity of opportunity other than those of artichoke raising which never existed.
In my father's time it was different. He found a chance to make the greatest amount of money with the least amount of work. He even made money out of the Erie Railroad; who can make money out of the Erie nowadays? Ridiculous Interstate Commerce Commissions and State boards are scattered over the country, living on the money of taxpayers, and they have nothing better to do than to stick their noses into stock and bond issues which are the personal business of the buyers and sellers of them.
Again the general tone of public morals in this country is disgusting.

A man cannot indulge in a little affair with a chorus girl or have any fun in a restaurant or theatre but that the newspapers feel licensed to tell about it, intruding ruthlessly into matters which should be sacred.
I have devoted my whole life in this country to trying to make my own life and that of my friends happier. I have spent money like water paying for wines, cigars, violets and automobiles, and what thanks have I had for it? Nothing, except unpleasant exploitation of my unfortunate family affairs, which are altogether due to the fact that more of my early years were spent among Americans.
There is no language in which I can tell how ridiculous I feel when I realize that I have a sister who is spending her whole life trying to do good with her share of the fortune my father left and establishes ally hospitals and fresh air funds to save the lives of poor Americans, and who even married a railroad hand.
And as for doing what one of my brothers is doing--spending day after day in a fur office, working to protect the stockholders in railroad companies and in "spreading prosperity" by developing the roads--I sometimes wonder if he is all right. That isn't what stockholders are for or railroads either. But perfecting railroads is less futile than the development of a great telegraph and telephone system. What is served by that except to spread broadcast unemployment details about the private amusements of a fellow who wants to have a little fun?
No, I am going to France, where they are too busy in getting an American's money to bother him by asking him what he has done for his country and make sadistic suggestions as to how he might spend his money differently. I have the blood of Commodore Vanderbilt in my veins. The public be hanged! By Jove! don't you know there was once of nature's noblemen! It is this country's own fault if scores of young men like myself have learned how much better it is to find a country that appreciates them instead of wasting time and suffering on this side of the Atlantic. If you don't have to earn your money don't live in America. If you do have to earn it--well, that's something I can't talk about in a signed interview.

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Caruso Turns the Tables.

A REPORTER who had orders to interview Enrico Caruso, of the golden voice, went to the Knickerbocker Hotel yesterday noon. He was told by the singer's valet that his master was taking a nap but would probably see him at 5 o'clock if he would give notice by telephone.
At 5 o'clock the reporter went to a telephone. The man who answered said: "About what do you wish to talk with Mr. Caruso?"
The reporter could hear the strains of "Celeste Aida" pealing through the room back of the man at the telephone. He had the assurance therefore that the tenor was at home.
"I will tell Mr. Caruso himself when he is at liberty to come to the telephone," he said.
"But I am Mr. Caruso," said the man at the other end of the telephone.
"I know better than that," said the reporter. "It is just because you are so good at singing that you pretend to be like me."

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Post-Impressionisms of Sitting on Tack

By E. R. Schayer.
THERE is desire. There is rest. There is desire to rest; there is place to rest and desire; there is place to desire and rest.
Standing, we see one sitting; in-scrutably the desire comes. The rest is rest.
The rest is not rest. There is that which escapes the eye; there is the eye which escapes that. There is that which does not escape. That which escapes the eye is there, pointed prodigally with pain. That which does not escape encounters that which escapes the eye.
Anguish, unutterable, produces action; violent, involuntary. There is motion, superimposed motion that seeks relief. That which has escaped the eye is fastened to that which has not escaped. The eye fills. The place is vacant. The rest is not apparent.

Meg Villars Learns How "Get the Hook" Stars Are Trained for Amateurs' Night "Lemons"



THE "Little Father of Amateurs' Night" Tells How He Breaks In the Inexperienced, and Who Is He? Why "The Energetic Marvel, Thirty-five Years in the Profession as Proprietor - Director - Agent - Manager - Composer - Pianist - Arranger of Music - Producer - Vaudeville Performer - and Theatrical Promoter" - He It Is Who Condescends to Guide the Faltering Footsteps of a Would-Be La Belle Sarah - Otero - Bernhard!

By Meg Villars.
HOW to become a Queen of the Footlights!
"Come to me and I will make you a Stage Favorite!"
"How to earn \$5,000 a week on the stage!"
"Ac. Ac."
Perhaps those are not the actual words of the numerous startling advertisements designed to catch the eye of stage-struck maidens. But any way they are near enough to serve.
Beside I don't want to feel that on dark nights I run the risk of finding the so-called theatrical "professors" waiting for me round corners with knives, sandbags, revolvers and all sorts of murderous implements, to put an end to my bright young life (and bad ink-spilling habits).
In most advertisements, from those dealing with poultry food to millinery, the footlight promoter sets some tangible return for her money! Of course the poultry food may kill the fowls and the hat may ruin your eyesight, but even if such calamities happen you have had some excitement about it if it is only in opening the parcels.
When you put down good money in exchange for learning how to frolic before the footlights you don't see any return, even when you finally reach your goal and find yourself blinking at it! You haven't time to realize you're there because, ten to one, you are making your bow at an amateur show and the gods in the gallery don't allow amateur talent time for more than one blink before they turn off their cameras and give imitations of a manager's broken voice.
Of course if you are thinking of taking up the amateur business professionally, so to speak, there is some hope of getting a return for your money and you may finally become a "lemon."
A "lemon" is a star amateur.
At least that is what I gathered from The Little Father of the Amateurs, whom I met to-day! Name, Forrester. A "lemon" is also a performer who will "stand for anything," she will let herself be hooked off the stage, carried out in a wheelbarrow, dragged off by three stagehands and a negro call boy. Then she will come back smiling and ask for more!
You can guess how popular she is with the Gallery Gods!
The Little Father of the Amateurs seems to have made quite a corner in the business! But then he is "The energetic marvel, thirty-five years in the profession as proprietor-director-agent-manager-composer-pianist-arranger of music-producer-vaudeville performer-and theatrical promoter!" Fancy being all that and yet condescending to guide the faltering footsteps of a would-be La Belle Sarah-Otero-Bernhardt!
I've mixed the names because that's how such a lot of stage aspirants think of it, not being sure which they wish to acquire first--talent, or peevish.

THE SENSITIVE GIRL IS INFLUENCED BY MUSIC
The Little Father of the Amateurs told me some things about his protegee that filled me with wonder:
All about the little girl who ran away from her convent school to go on the stage and who is so talented that Eva Tanguay could take lessons from her! "She would be starting on Broadway to-day," he complained bitterly, "but she is so beautiful that she drives all the managers and agents crazy. Every time that girl sets foot in an office she gets insulted. And of course WITH HER BRINKING UP (!) the poor girl can't stand that!"
(I saw her photo and quite believed the speaker!)
There! You see what it is in this life to have looks!
I asked the Little Father of the Amateurs if many of the girls he has aided with his competent advice--"thirty-five years in the profession and"--see above--had succeeded.
As it happened, Miss Lizzie was kind enough to give me some idea of the way he breaks in--I mean advises--Miss Inexperience.
"I play to them," he murmured, and his hands danced lightly over the yellow keys of a venerable piano. "I play and look at them--80!" He glared, and I tried to look impressed. "The sensitive ones are influenced at once, and thus I can discern talent!"
Talent! I should worry!
I let him play on a little while, for, as I said before, it was raining hard outside. However, a knock came at the door and a prospective pupil arrived. She looked like a 35-a-weeker looking for a chance to make more. It was none

of my business, but I wish it had been. I would have done some advising too--and without the help of any piano! As it was, Miss Lizzie escorted me to the door.
"Good-by--best of luck, girl," she breathed, and as I stumbled down the steep, dark stairs the mawkish strains of a Franco-Viennoise waltz came echoing out from behind the glaring plush draped portals of the studio.
SO BEAUTIFUL, THE MANAGER'S ALL WENT CRAZY!
Young Reilly, the east side, light-weight, comes by his fighting instinct naturally. The present day fight fans don't remember his father, Billy Mc-Nichol, one of the best 135-pound men in the country in the days of Young Griffo, Sammy Kelly and others of fifteen years ago. The McNichols were prominent in sports and politics on the west side in those days, and whenever Billy fought he had a young army of rooters at the ring-side. For some reason or other young Sam, his son, took the name of Reilly, his manager, when he started boxing in the preliminary bouts at the Fairmont A. C.
At the beginning of his career Reilly often made himself unpopular with the club matchmakers by failing to show up for some of his important engagements. One day the real reason for this became known when his mother wrote a rather pathetic letter to Billy Gibson, explaining her son's failure to appear on a certain night. She said the boy suffered from rheumatism and often went to bed feeling as fit as could be, only to wake up so stiff in the limbs that he couldn't walk. Under the circumstances she begged Gibson to excuse him.
To those who used to see Billy McNichol fight in the old days Young Reilly is a pleasant reminder of his father in his every move. And, as was the case with his father, it takes a real gym man to beat young Sammy McNichol--beg pardon, Young Reilly.

Why "Young Reilly" Is Hard to Beat.

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Olcott's Handyman.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT has a butler, groom, gardener and all round handy man who is a very good worker. But sometimes he shows a marked lack of brains.
Mr. Olcott was the target for a charitable organization collector.
"Oh, tell her to go to Jericho!" said Olcott to "Jake."
Jake hustled from the room unnoticed just as he finished he heard his master excitedly shout: "Jake! Jake! Come here! Come here!" Jake hustled back, and when Mr. Olcott heard what had happened he flew into a rage.
"Go and apologize!" he shouted. "Take it back! Take it back!" Jake was at the door in a jiffy, and here is what he told the collector: "The master has changed his mind, madam. You needn't go to Jericho now."